



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

# CREEPY

CREEPY  
29  
SEPT.

A WARNER  
MAGAZINE

WHAT UNSPEAKABLE  
EVIL IS FOUND IN THE  
**SUMMER  
HOUSE?**



THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST COMIC  
ARTISTS BRING YOU  
LAST LAUGH  
SPELLBOUND  
BLOODY MARY

50c





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A **GHOUL** IS, ACCORDING TO WEBSTER, AN IMAGINARY EVIL BEING WHO ROBBS GRAVES AND FEEDS UPON CORPSE. PERHAPS WEBSTER WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WORD **IMAGINARY** IF HE HAD, AS YOU'RE GOING TO NOW, SEE THE **GRAVE FACTS** IN...

## CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

PRIMITIVE MAN BELIEVED BY EATING THE HEART AND BRAINS OF A SLAIN ENEMY, HE COULD INCREASE HIS OWN COURAGE AND SKILL IN BATTLE...AND IN FACTS HIS WIFE'S COOKING.



EARLY PRACTICES OF BURIAL WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION LEAD TO OCCASIONAL MISTAKES... HAIRLESS-LIVE VICTIMS WOULD CLIMB THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE AT TIMES, ONLY TO DIE OF SHOCK AND EXPOSURE! FOUND IN THIS STATE, THEY WERE BELIEVED TO BE THE VICTIMS OF **GHOULS!**



NINETEENTH CENTURY SCOTLAND PRODUCED BURKE AND HARE WHO EARNED A NICE LIVING GRABBING BODIES FROM GRAVES AND SELLING THEM TO MEDICAL SCHOOLS! THEN THEY FOUND A NICER LIVING GRABBING PEOPLE FROM THE STREET! INEVITABLY, THEY WERE GRABBED BY THE LAW AND THE HANGMAN'S ROPE!



PARIS WAS OUTRAGED BY THE ACTIVITIES OF A SERGEANT BERTRAND OF THE FRENCH ARMY, A GHOUL IN THE CLASSIC SENSE. BERTRAND WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE WHEN THE AUTHORITIES LOST INTEREST IN THE CLASSICS.



ARE THERE GHOULS AROUND TODAY? DON'T COUNT THEM OUT! WHO REALLY KNOWS FOR SURE THE HABITS OF THE PERSON NEXT TO HIM? AFTER ALL, ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S PERSON!







# CREEPY

NO. 29

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN    **EDITOR:** BILL PARIENTE    **COVER:** VIC PREZIO  
**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** DAN ADKINS, WILL BROWN, ERNIE COLON, JERRY GRANDEMETTI,  
 JEFF JONES, ROCCO MASTROSERIO, BHOE STEWART, TONY WILLIAMS/INE  
**WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** BARBARA GELMAN, DON GLUT, ARCHIE GOODWIN, ARNOLD  
 HAYES, BUDDY SAUNDERS



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PACK YOUR BEST SHROUDS AND CHILLERS BOYS AND GHOULES AND MAKE READY TO GO! WE'RE ALL DUE FOR THE WILDEST BEACH CHILL EVER! IT'S THE COOLEST-POSITIVELY CHILLING ... IN FACT, IT'S ....

# the summer House



IT WAS A BIG, OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, FILLED IN SUMMER WITH PEOPLE AND LAUGHTER, BUT IN WINTERTIME, WHEN ALL THE SUMMER PEOPLE WENT HOME, SOMETHING HAPPENED. THE HOUSE CHANGED. IT RESISTED INTRUDERS! GLOANE SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT—HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK ....



SYLVIE MORRISON'S BEAUTY AND SPIRIT MADE HER A LEGEND, LOVED BY MANY, SHE LOVES ONLY ... GLOANE PEARSON—A STRIKINGLY YOUNG PRINTER—



I DON'T CARE -  
I LOVE YOU!

OKAY, BABY - WE'  
LL BE MARRIED RIGHT  
AWAY - AND I THINK  
I KNOW A LITTLE  
PLACE WE CAN LIVE  
IN - RENT-FREE!

SCLOANE'S MOTHER, A WEALTHY WIDOW, COULD  
EASILY HELP THE YOUNG COUPLE. STILL,  
SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, SCLOANE  
AND SYLVIE FACE HER, AND...

I WARNED YOU -  
BOTH OF YOU...  
AND NOW YOU  
COME BEGGING -

I ONLY WANT WHAT'S  
MINE. DAD LEFT ME  
THE SUMMER HOUSE -  
AND I WANT THE KEYS.

NO! THE HOUSE IS STRANGE....  
DIFFERENT IN WINTER. IT  
CHANGES. STAY HERE, SCLOANE,  
AND I'LL HELP YOU.

STOP! WE - SCLOANE - NEEDS A LIFE OF HIS OWN,  
WITHOUT YOU. WE WANT USE THE SUMMER  
HOUSE WITHOUT YOUR APPROVAL! BUT I WARN  
YOU - YOU'LL LOSE YOUR SON IF YOU TRY TO  
STOP US!



FOR DAYS AND HOURS AND MILES, SCLOANE  
FILLED HER HEAD WITH HAPPY MEMORIES  
OF THE GRINNY OLD HOUSE THAT WOULD  
BE HER HOME....

COULD THIS - THIS EVIL-LOOKING BUILDING  
GLARING DOWN SO ANGRILY AT HER - BE  
SCLOANE'S SUMMER HOUSE? IT COULDN'T  
BE - UNLESS....



OH, SCLOANE - MAYBE  
YOUR MOTHER WAS  
RIGHT AND THE HOUSE  
IS DIFFERENT IN  
WINTER. IT LOOKS SO  
STRANGE... GLOOMY.

IT'S NOT THE WAY  
I REMEMBER IT -  
BUT IT'S JUST THE  
LIGHT - AND THE  
DESIGN OF THE  
HOUSE IS TRICKY.



THIS WON'T BE SO BAD WITH  
GOMB LIVING IN IT - YOU'LL  
MAKE IT GREAT, BABY.



IT IS SEVERAL HOURS LATER AND SYLVIE CANNOT  
STEM HER GROWING TERROR. SHE FEELS SHE'S BEING WATCHED - DESPISED...

HEY - YOU'RE  
PRETTY NERVOUS,  
AREN'T YOU?

NO, IT'S JUST -  
I KEEP SEEING  
SOMETHING ...  
NOTHING -



SUDDENLY, SYLVIE TURNS AND SLOANE  
CAN FEEL THE FEAR IN HER.

LIKE THAT? DID  
YOU SEE IT,  
SLOANE?  
DID YOU - ?

YOU'RE TIRED, BABY.  
LET'S GET SOME  
SLEEP. WE'LL CLEAN  
UP TOMORROW.



BUT SYLVIE'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED. SHE  
COULD FEEL SOMETHING - THE HOUSE -  
WATCHING HER ... AND SHE COULD FEEL  
ITS HATRED FOR HER GROWING .....

AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, SYLVIE  
IS HAPPY TO BE BUSY.



IF WE GET RID OF  
SOME OF THIS JUNK -





IT'S - IT'S NOTHING. JUST A CREAKY OLD DOOR IN A CREAKY OLD HOUSE.

THE PICTURE SUDDENLY REMINDS SLOANE OF SOMETHING...

THEY ALL DO IT - ALL OF THE DOORS, AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

I REMEMBER NOW! IT WAS ALWAYS THIS WAY RIGHT AFTER...  
...AND IT HATES US FOR INTRUDING!

NO - IT'S BUILT ON SAND - IT SHIFTS.

RIGHT AFTER WINTER - THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? YOUR MOTHER WAS RIGHT, IT'S ONLY A SUMMER HOUSE. IN WINTER, IT CHANGES - IT HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN!

IT WANTS US OUT OF HERE. LET'S GO NOW - BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

GIVE IT ONE MORE DAY, SYLVIE. TOMORROW, IF YOU STILL FEEL THIS WAY, WE'LL GO.

FOR AWHILE, ALL WAS CALM. SOME FOOD DISAPPEARED, BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY WINTER-STARVED SQUIRRELS. BY NIGHTFALL, SLOANE HOPEED THEY COULD STAY, BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

SLOANE!  
SLOANE!





WHAT?

IT'S CHANGED AGAIN!  
THE WALLS ARE CLOSING  
IN! THEY WANT TO—  
DEVOUR ME! I HATE  
THIS HOUSE!



AT SYLVIE'S WORDS THE ENTIRE HOUSE  
IS FLUNG INTO DARKNESS, AND  
SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION REND  
THE AIR.

DON'T MOVE, SYLVIE!  
I'LL GET CANDLES!



CRASH  
CRASH TINKLE  
WOOOSH

EVERY PANE OF WINDOW GLASS IS GONE,  
SHATTERING, IT SEEMS BY THEMSELVES.  
NOW CAN SYLVIE DISCOVER WHAT IS  
HAPPENED TO THEIR LIGHTS—  
SUPERNATURAL'S GUY, BUT  
ONLY HIS PROMISE TO  
LEAVE HAS KEPT SYLVIE  
FROM CRACKING.

A SUDDEN SHADOW  
CROSSES SYLVIE'S  
FACE, AND SYLVIE  
KNOWS WHY THEY  
CAN'T LEAVE!



I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
EVERY  
WINDOW  
IN THE  
HOUSE!

THE CAR  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED  
TO THE CAR?

THIS HOUSE  
IS BRILL!  
PLEASE  
WHY CAN'T  
WE LEAVE  
NOW!

SYLVIE, WAIT!  
IT'S TEN MILES  
TO TOWN—I'LL  
CALL SOMEONE  
TO COME GET  
US—I PROMISE  
WE'LL LEAVE!

I WON'T  
STAY HERE—  
I WON'T!

JUST MAKING A  
SOMEONE CALL  
IS NOT THE BEST  
THING SYLVIE  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
NOT IN THIS HOUSE



THE WIND'S DEAD. MUST  
BE THE STORM....



BY SLYVIE'S WORDS, NATURES HERSELF TAKES OFFENSES. THE WINDS BECOMES A FANTASTIC GALE—HALLETOPPING THE SIZE OF BOULDER RAIN DOWN ON THE HOUSE!

I WON'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE TO BE EATEN BY THIS MONSTER!

WE'RE TRAPPED!  
NOW THIS HOUSE  
WON'T LET US  
GO!

WE HAVE TO  
WAIT—BUT  
I'LL WATCH  
OVER YOU!  
I PROMISE!

BUT NOW EVEN SLOANE IS THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED, BUT HE MUST CONTROL HIMSELF FOR SYLVIE'S SAKE. BEAUTIFUL SYLVIE—NEAR MADNESS—HE'D DO ANYTHING FOR HER...

BUT—EXHAUSTED WITH WORRY AND FEAR, HE SUCCEUNDED TO DROGGED SLEEP.

SLOANE!  
SLOANE!

DON'T WORRY, DEARLING—  
I'LL WATCH OVER YOU.  
I WON'T EVEN SLEEP.

OH! I MUST HAVE  
DOZED FOR A  
MOMENT—ARE  
YOU—

GOOD GOOD!

WHAT IS IT'S  
WRONG?





MY FACE!  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH MY  
FACE?!

SLONGE CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HIS BEAUTIFUL GYLVIE-  
LOOKING AS THOUGH SHE'D BEEN SWALLOWED  
WHOLE BY SOME MONSTER WHOSE DIGESTIVE  
JUICES WERE NOW EATING HER AWAY!

OH NO! MY FACE!  
MY FACE! GLOANE!  
EEAAOW!!

I'M SORRY GYLVIE! IT  
DIDN'T MATTER-I LOVE YOU!

WHEN SLOANE REACHES THE  
PLACE WHERE GYLVIE'S VOICE  
HAD COME FROM, HE FINDS  
NO ONE. BUT HE NOTICES  
SOMETHING ....

...NOT ALL THE WINDOWS HAD  
BEEN BROKEN. ONE HAD BEEN  
SEARED FOR GYLVIE TO BE  
HIDING IN - BUT WHERE  
WAS GYLVIE?



GYLVIE! WHERE  
ARE YOU? I'LL  
FIND YOU GYLVIE!  
I PROMISE!



BLAINE SEARCHED THE HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, BUT HE CAN FIND SYLVIE NOWHERE. AND HE KNOWS HE'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

-AND I LOVED YOU YOU MONSTER! BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR YOU. YOU COULDN'T STOP ME LOVING HER, SO YOU DEVOURER HER. I HATE YOU, YOU CURSED...

YOU FILTHY HOUSE!  
YOU UGLY ROOMMATION!  
YOU STOLE HER  
FROM ME - FIRST  
HER BEAUTY - THEN  
HER!

YOU MADMAN!

IT WASN'T UNTIL LATE SPRING THAT ANYONE REALIZED BLAINE AND SYLVIE HAD DISAPPEARED. AND TRY AS THEY MIGHT, NO ONE COULD FIND THEM - MOST EVERYONE FIGURED THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE FOUND, THAT SYLVIE HAD FINALLY GOTTEN BLAINE AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER - BUT MISS PARSONS KNEW IT WAS THE HOUSE. AND WHEN SHE AGREEED TO TELL IT, SHE MADE THE BROKER PROMISE TO TELL EVERY PROSPECTING CUSTOMER, SO...

HOW SILLY! THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - SYLVIE! THEY FREELY DID WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT FROGGING NEMAN!

-BUT THE BROKEN WINDOWS - AND THE WEATHER BEATING - IT WASN'T THE SAID A MINTER!

YEAH - THAT'S THE OLD LADY'S STORY - SHE WAS A BEAUTY, THAT SYLVIE - BUT SHE NEVER DID LIKE THE OLD LADY OF THE HOUSE....





PRIMITIVE MAN HAS EVOLVED, CHANGED, SLOWLY EMERGING AS A LEADING FORCE IN THE WORLD, ESTABLISHING FIRST FOOTHOLDS OF CIVILIZATION... BUT OTHER FORCES YIELD SLOWLY, RETREATING TO THE SHADOWS, LURKING UNTIL FALL OF NIGHT WHEN PRIMORDIAL FEAR SWELLS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN... AND THE NEXT SOUND ON THE WIND MAY BE THE...

# ANGEL of DOOM!



THE SETTING SUN RETREATED BEYOND THE ONSLUING TIDE OF NIGHT, ITS FALLING RAYS ETCHING HIGHLIGHTS OF RED ON THE HARD MUSCLED FORM OF THE YOUNG WARRIOR POISED DEFIANTLY IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY. HIS BODY TENSED AND TREMBLED WITH UNBRIDLED RAGE, HIS EYES BLAZED LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS, AND HIS HUSKY SHOUTING VOICE ROSE VEBERMENTLY TO THE CRAGGY SURROUNDING PEAKS.

HEAR ME! HEAR ME,  
DARK ANGEL OF NIGHT! BE  
YOU MESSENGER OF LONG-  
DEAD GODS OR HARBINGER  
OF HORRORS TO COME...  
I CHALLENGE YOU!

Scene  
Scored



ELSEWHERE, MEN DID NOT RAGE AT AND DEFFY THE APPROACHING NIGHT, IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE THEY GATHERED IN THE HUT OF VASHOUR, HIGH PRIEST AND GOOTHBAYER, HIDDLING- FEARFULLY TO THE WARMTH AND PROTECTION OF THE FIRE, LISTENING TO THE DISTANT SHOUTING.

THANE IS RASH, YET THERE IS BRAVERY IN WHAT HE DOES...

THANE IS A FOOL! HE DEFILES THE WILL OF THE GODS AND OUR OWN JUDGMENTS... HE WILL BE DESTROYED AS WERE THE OTHERS!

**AIEEEEEEE**

FOR MONTHS NIGHTFALL HAD BROUGHT FORTH UNKNOWN TERROR, VILLAGERS YEN TURNING INTO THE DARKNESS, OFTEN NEVER RETURNED, ONLY THEIR CHILLING SCREAMS WERE HEARD, ACCOMPANIED BY THE TERRIBLE BEAT OF UNEARTHLY WINGS, SPLASHES OF BLOOD OCCASIONALLY MARKING THE SPOT WHERE LAST THEY STOOD...

PANIC SPREAD AND FEAR SWELLED LIKE A DISPERSED WOUND AND IN THEIR TERROR, ALL TURNED TO VASHOUR...

THE ELDER GODS ARE ANGERED, THEY'VE BEEN TOO LONG NEGLECTED, THEY SEND FORTH THEIR DARK-WINGED MESSENGER TO EXACT TRIBUTE!

WE MUST MAKE SACRIFICES!

ALL TURNED TO THE PRIEST, EXCEPT ONE.

THIS IS THE THINKING OF FRIGHT! WE HAVE STRENGTH OF NUMBER AND FORCE OF ARMS, I SAY **FIGHT** THIS BLASPHEMY THAT HAUNTS OUR SLEEP!

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF YOUTH, RASH AND HEATED WITHOUT THOUGHT! MAKE WAR AGAINST THE GODS! CHOSEN TO STIKE THE FIRES OF THEIR WRATHS TO HEED THANE IS TO INVITE **ANNIHILATION!**

VASHOUR WAS OBEYED, LOTS WERE DRAWN AND MONTHLY BLOOD SACRIFICES MADE, ONE VILLAGER, EACH MONTH WAS CAST OUT INTO THE BRUTAL DARKNESS TO BECOME PREY FOR THE HORROR THAT CAME ON FLAPPING WINGS, THEN A GIRL, NOT CHOSEN FOR SACRIFICE, CHANCED OUT ONE NIGHT...

THE GIRL WAS RENA, BRIDE TO THANE!





THE YOUNG WARRIOR HAD NOT HESITATED, HAD NOT LOOKED BACK AT PRESENT OR VILLAGE, BUT HAD STRODE UNWAVERINGLY TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE VALLEY NOW. HE STOOD QUIVERING WITH ICY RAGE AND ANTICIPATION OF BATTLE, HURLING CURSES AND TAUNTS TO THE FALLING NIGHT...



HIS RINGING SPIRITS RESOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE ROCKY CLIFFS AND HILLS OF THE VALLEY, ONLY TO ECHO BACK, UNANSWERED FURTHER AND FURTHER. THANE MARCHED INTO THE VALLEY ANGRILY HUNTING THAT WHICH HAD ALWAYS BEEN HUNTER, HIS STALKING AIDED BY THE RISING MOON WHOSE BRIGHT BEAMS FLOODED THE VALLEY LIKE MUTE DAYLIGHT...



FRUSTRATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT FUELED HIS RAGE, MAKING HIM MORE DEFIANT, MORE CARELESS... UNTIL, SUDDENLY, BEFORE HIS SMOLDERING SENSES WERE COMPLETELY ALEE, THE AIR ABOUT HIM DRIFTED IN A CHILLING FLURRY OF GIANTIC WINDS...







THANE REELED BACK AS A NIGHTMARE VISION SCARED TOWARD HIM ON UGLY, MEN- BRANCHING WINGS / A MON- STROUSITY OF ANOTHER AGE, STILL SURVIVING BY ITS OWN MAELIGNANT EVIL HURLING ITS THICK-SHELLED BODY GLISTENING WITH MUCUS TOWARD THANE... TOWARD THE KILL!

WITH A SHATTERING WHIRL OF WINGS, THE DARK ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION WAS UPON HIM! THANE THRUST HIS SPEAR FORWARD WITH ARM-WRENCHING INSIGHT, THE FINE-HOVED TIP SEEKING THE UNDERBELLY OF THE GRUESOME MONSTER! IT GAVE A SHUDDERING CONVULSION OF PAIN, BUT DID NOT STOP... ITS HAIRY, SLIME-COATED LEGS GRIPPED AND SLASHED AT THE WARRIOR'S BODY EACH TOUCH TEARING AND WOUNDING! SCREAMING WITH PAIN AND RAGE, THANE HAMMERED BACK WITH HIS AX, SMASHING AT THE ARMORED BODY UNTIL THE WEAPON CRUMBLIED IN HIS HANDS! THEN, WITH BLOODSTAINED FINGERS HE DREW HIS DAGGER AND CONTINUED HIS GRIM WORK... BODY AND MIND BECAME NUMB! THANE FELT HIS KNEES BEGIN TO GIVE AND CRIED OUT WITH ANGER THAT MORTAL FLESH AND BONE COULD BETRAY HIS VENGEANCE... THEN, HE COLLAPSED!



IT... IT'S HAD ENOUGH! SUFFERED AS MUCH AS WE... PERHAPS MORE... DEMON CREATURE, IT'S NOT THE END! WHILE I STILL BREATHE... I'LL FOLLOW YOU!



DAWN WAS WELL PAST BY THE TIME THANE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE VALLEY, DOGBEEDLY FOLLOWING A TRAIL OF SPILLED BLOOD, DRAWING STRENGTH AND COURAGE FROM THE EVIDENCE OF THE FULL EFFECT OF HIS SPEAR THRUST...



A FITTING LAIR FOR A HELLISH MONSTER OF THE NIGHT! BUT YOU'LL HAVE NO PEACE TODAY, WINGED DEMON... FOR YOU, OR ME, OR BOTH... THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS!



THANE'S LIPS NEVER VOICED THE NEW HORROR HIS EYES GAVE HINT TO AS THEY PIERCED FURTHER INTO THE BLACKNESS, FOR FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION A GROTESQUE HULK LUMBERED FORWARD IN A MAD DEATH CHARGE...



THE RUSHING BULK SWAYED AGAINST THE TENSED WARRIOR, SWEEPING HIM UP IN THE MOMENTUM OF THE CHARGE, AS THANE AGAIN AND AGAIN SENT HIS DAGGER PLUNGING INTO THE DESTRUCTION-BENT CREATURE...

THANE PLUNGED INTO THE CAVE'S BLACKNESS, HIS BLOODLUST GIVING NEW VITALITY TO HIS WOUNDED BODY, ONLY TO REEL IN HORROR AT WHAT HIS EYES, GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARK, BEHELD...



AWAY! IS THIS THE FATE OF RENA, AND THE OTHERS...? SAVED AS FOOD FOR THIS GROWING OBSESSION...? THE GROWING THING SOMETHING MORE BACK THERE IN THE DARKNESS! THERE'S --



... UNTIL BOTH WERE CARRIED OVER THE BRINK AND IN A SHOWER OF SPRAYING ROCK AND STONES AND HURTTLED DOWN THE HILLSIDE...



THE SUN WAS SETTING BY THE TIME VILLAGERS, LEAD BY WASHGUR, CAME UPON THE SCENE...



THANE ROUSED HIS BRUISED, LACERATED BODY, FORCING IT TO MOVE... HIS EYES, TWO DOTS OF ICY FLAME, BORE TOWARD WASHGUR...



WITH AN ANGRY SHRUG OF HIS SHOULDERS, THANE PUSHED PAST WASHGUR AND THE OTHERS, TURNING HIS BACK TO THEM, SETTING HIS GAZE ON THE DISTANT HORIZON...



THE CELEBRATION DRAINED ON INTO THE NIGHT. FEW GAVE THOUGHT IN THE REJOICING TO THANE, OR THE SLAIN MONSTER THEY HAD BURIED EARLIER. FEW GAVE THOUGHT TO ANYTHING, UNTIL, WITHOUT WARNING, THE AIR ABOVE THEM WAS ALIVE WITH THE THUNDER OF MANY WINGS!




THANE PAUSED IN HIS TRAVELS AND LOOKED BACK IN THE DIRECTION HE HAD COME. FAINTLY ON THE NIGHT WHO HE COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF SCREAMS AND CRIES... SCREAMS AND CRIES OF THOSE WHO HAD NOT WAITED TO LISTEN, WHO HAD NOT ALLOWED HIM TO TELL WHAT HE OBSERVED IN THE CAVE... THE HATCHING OF AN ENTIRE SWARM OF MALIGNANT NIGHT FLYERS, BORNED AND NURTURED ON THE VILLAGERS' OWN SACRIFICES!

TOO BAD THIS TOOK PLACE SO FAR IN THE PAST, AN INSECTICIDE SALESMAN COULD HAVE DONE GREAT IN THANE'S VILLAGE! AND SPEAKING OF INSECTICIDES, WED BETTER FLIT ON TO MY NEXT DORY STORY!



IN THE END THE FAINT CRIES STOPPED, AND THE NIGHT WAS COMPLETELY STILL...






FORSOOTH OLD FRAZZLE FANS... TIS I, CREEPY  
OF CHILLWOOD FOREST / GATHER ROUND MY FABLE  
TABLE FOR A RATTLING REVELATION ABOUT TWO RIVAL  
SISTERS WHO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE...

# SPELLBOUND



SO... MY SISTER AND  
SIR JOHN OF DEVONSHIRE,  
OUT RIDING AGAIN / WHOM-  
EVER HE TAKES FOR HIS  
WIFE WILL HAVE MUCH  
PRESTIGE IN THE LAND,  
I SEE NOW SIR JOHN  
FAVORS ANNABELLE...  
BUT HE MUST BE  
MINE...



I'LL GO TO THE OLD WITCH...  
SHE'LL HELP. SHE'LL DO  
ANYTHING FOR POSITION. ONCE  
I MARRY SIR JOHN, SHE  
WILL HAVE IT...





SHE IS KNOWN  
TO LIVE HERE ...  
IN FOREST FEARE.  
I *MUST* FIND  
HER.

**HAIT!** DOST  
THOU NOT KNOW  
THAT ALL OF  
FOREST FEARE IS  
RULED BY  
ELIZIA ?

THAT  
IS WHY I  
HAVE ENTERED.  
GNOWE. YOU  
WILL TAKE  
ME TO HER.

I PERCEIVE  
THAT THERE IS EVIL IN  
YOUR HEART, ISABEL.  
WELL, THAT IS AS IT SHOULD  
BE. COME, WE GO TO  
ELIZIA !

THERE IS  
WHERE MY SPELL -  
MISTRESS LIVES !

THANK GOODNESS  
OUR JOURNEY IS OVER. I  
COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER  
MOMENT WITH THIS CREATURE.

LO, ELIZIA OF  
THE MYSTIC KINGDOM  
... I HAVE BROUGHT  
ONE WHO SUMMONS  
FAVOR FROM  
YOU.

I AM ISABEL  
OF CASTLE STONELOCK  
I SEEK HELP, WHICH I  
WILL REPAY WITH ANY  
THING YOU REQUEST.

YES... I  
KNOW WHY YOU  
HAVE COME. STEP  
INSIDE, DEARIE...  
PLEASE...



... AND SO, SIR JOHN MUST MARRY ~~ME~~... NOT MY SISTER ANNABELLE.  
I DESERVE TO BE PRINCESS MORE THAN SHE DOES.

OF COURSE... OF COURSE, DEARIE. I WILL GLADLY ENSPELL YOUR SISTER. BUT YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME IN RETURN.

WHEN YOU BECOME PRINCESS, YOU WILL APPOINT ME COURT ASTROLOGER... FOR THEN MY NAME WILL BE ENTERED WHERE IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS... IN THE PAGES OF THE COURT LEGENDS, AGREED?

AGREED? NOW... WHAT MUST I DO?

TONIGHT... WHEN THE WITCHING HOUR STRIKES... POUR FROM THIS AMULET, THE POWER THERE ~~INSIDE~~, MIX IT IN YOUR SISTER'S DRINK TO ENSPELL HER... **FOREVER**... AHHAHAHAHA!

SOON MY DARLING SISTER... EVERYTHING YOU HAVE WILL BE... **MINE!**... TITLE... RICHES... AND SIR JOHN! HOW MARVELOUS!

I THINK IT BEST IF WE ENSURED OURSELVES OF ISABEL'S INTENTIONS, MY FEATHERY FRIEND... AYE, ROSAN! THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL DO...



FROM THE TOWER WALLS, THE  
CALL OF MIDNIGHT PROVIDED  
ISABEL WITH THE CLUE TO BEGIN  
HER SABOTAGE.

MY DEAREST ANNABELLE,  
THIS CUP OF WINE WILL  
SOOTHE YOU.

OH, ISABEL,  
SIR JOHN  
HAS PRO-  
POSED  
MARRIAGE.  
IMAGINE...

HOW... DELIGHTFUL  
FOR YOU! HOW LUCKY  
YOU ARE, BOTH OF  
YOU. MAY I TOAST  
YOUR HAPPINESS?

I HOPED YOU  
WOULD FEEL THIS  
WAY, DEAR SISTER.  
THANK YOU FOR BEING  
SO KIND AND UNDER-  
STANDING.



! GASP !

I FEEL SO...  
STRANGE... DIZZY  
... THIS WINE...  
ISABEL... WHAT  
HAVE YOU DONE  
TO ME...?

YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD BECOME PRINCESS  
OF OUR LAND, AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF  
WISHING  
NOW LET'S SEE  
YOU MARRY  
SIR JOHN.  
DEAR SIS-  
TER! NA  
HAHAHAHA  
HAHAHAHAHA

... I... I'M  
CHANGING...  
I... NO....





AND WHEN THE MORNING CAME... SIR JOHN, UNABLE TO FIND ANNABELLE...

ISABEL / ANNABELLE HAS DISAPPEARED / HAVE YOU SEEN HER SINCE LAST NIGHT?

I CANNOT SPEAK, SIR JOHN, HER DEED IS MUCH TOO WRETCHED TO BE TOLD / PLEASE DO NOT ASK ME!

WHINK!

MEOW!

IT CANNOT BE / ONLY YESTERDAY SHE PLEDGED HER LOVE TO ME... HOW COULD I BE LED INTO SUCH TREACHERY?

MY SISTER WAS NOT TO BE TRUSTED, SIR JOHN. I HELD MY TONGUE BECAUSE I KNEW YOUR FEELINGS TO-WARD HER.

OH, NO, MY DARLING... ISABEL HAS BENCHED ME

ISABEL... WATCH OUT!

OH... THE CAT...

ROAR!

TELL ME... IF YOU KNOW HER WHERE... ABOUTS... YOU MUST!

SHE HAS RUN AWAY WITH PHILIP OF KENT... ONLY YOUR FORTUNE WAS OF INTEREST TO HER. SHE MEANT ONLY TO GAIN PRESTIGE.

LIES / NOTHING BUT LIES /

YOU MUST FORGET ABOUT ANNABELLE, SIR JOHN. SHE WAS UNWORTHY OF YOUR LOVE. PLEASE STAY FOR DINNER.

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN, ISABEL... ALL THE TIME THINKING ANNABELLE WAS THE REAL LOVE I NEEDED.

MEOW!

HOW CAN I MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND?

SUCH A PRETTY THING... SOMETHING MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED HER... I THINK I WILL REMAIN FOR DINNER.

WONDERFUL! SOME GOOD FOOD MAY EASE THE PAIN, AT LEAST IN YOUR STOMACH. I'LL TAKE THE POOR THING.

JOHN... / YOU MUST KNOW IT IS I... ANNABELLE!



IT WAS NOT LONG AFTER THAT  
SIR JOHN ONCE AGAIN  
PROPOSED MARRIAGE...  
THIS TIME...

...TO *ME*...  
TOMORROW SIR JOHN  
AND I WILL WED...AND  
YOU ? YOU WILL BE NO  
MORE THAN A PET. AT  
LEAST YOU WILL BE  
NEAR HIM... HAHAHA !

THAT OLD CRONE IN THE  
FOREST... SHE'D BEST  
FORGET OUR BARGAIN.  
COURT ASTROLOGER, INDEED,  
SHE'LL BE LUCKY HER  
HOVEL IS NOT BURNED  
INTO  
ETERNITY !

KWINK ! ?

SO... ISABEL HAS NO  
INTENTION OF KEEPING HER  
PROMISE, AYE ? WELL,  
WE'LL SEE ABOUT *THAT*,  
ROGAN. JUST WAIT !

ISABEL WILL REGRET HER  
FOOLISHNESS... NOW... SEEK  
NO FORTUNE WITCHES BRING,  
LEST YOU CAN BEAR  
THE DEVIL'S STING,  
OR KEEP WHAT  
PROMISE YOU  
WILL TELL...  
TO STAY THE  
RITUAL OF MY  
**SPELL ?**  
... HA HA HA HA  
AAAAHHHHH !!

ANNABELLE  
AND FIND YOUR FATE ;  
FOR ISABEL, IT IS  
TOO LATE....

I'M  
CHANGING  
AGAIN !

WHAT ? ? OH, NO... ELIZIA !  
SHE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT  
MY CHANGE OF MIND... SHE'S  
HEXING ME !

THE SPELL...  
IT'S BROKEN...  
OH, JOHN... I'VE  
COME BACK...  
JOHN !!



... AND SO... THE MARRIAGE  
THAT SHOULD HAVE TAKEN  
PLACE ... AT LAST BEGAN THE  
FINAL CEREMONY...



HAPPY, DARLING?

OH,  
JOHN... IT'S  
MORE THAN I  
IMAGINED!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY YOUR SISTER REFUSED  
TO COME TO THE WEDDING...  
AFTER ALL... I WAS  
CERTAIN SHE WOULD  
UNDERSTAND.

HUSH, DEAR  
JOHN... IS IT NOT  
ENOUGH THAT EVERY-  
THING IS FOR-  
GIVEN? WHY SHE  
EVEN SENT US  
A WEDDING  
GIFT!



AHHH, YES... STATUARY FOR  
THAT CASTLE RAMPART. VERY  
UNUSUAL WEDDING GIFT... BUT  
EXTREMELY THOUGHTFUL OF  
HER. IT DOES LOOK WELL UP  
THERE DOESN'T IT?

YES,  
JOHN...

NO NO!  
HELP...  
PLEASE...



... WE'LL  
TREASURE OUR  
NEW GARDYOYLE  
ALWAYS. ISABEL  
DIDN'T FORGET  
US AFTER ALL.

COUGH... THAT  
ISABEL... GETTING  
STONED THAT  
WAY! OH WELL,  
SHE *DID* WANT  
A HIGH POSI-  
TION... AND  
NOW SHE'S WAY  
UP THERE...  
HEH HEH HEH!!







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HEY KIDDIES, THIS GHOULISH GOODIE IS HOT STUFF SO IF YOU WANT TO TAG ALONG TO THE **CREEPY CLIMAX**, BETTER BRING YOUR OWN ICE WATER AND FAN!

THIS IS THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE PLANET PYROGELARE! HERE THERE IS NO NIGHT, NO EVENING, NO DAWN... ONLY **PERPETUAL NOON!** THE Sullen RED STAR-SUN FILLS THE SKY LIKE A MAGNIFICENT FLARE. BOOZING EVERY NAKED ROCK, BLUSTERING EVERY MILE OF SANDY DESOLATION WEDGED INTO THE PLANET'S TEMPERATE BANDS BETWEEN THE BRIGHT SIDE AND FROZEN DARK, A FEW HARDY COLONISTS EKE OUT A LIVING BY MINING INDUSTRIAL ORE!

BUT ONLY DESPERATE MEN VENTURE INTO PYROGELARE'S BRIGHT SIDE FURNACE! TWO SUCH MEN ARE HARVEY TAKE AND BENJAMIN FURRISH! BOTH PERSUE THE SAME GLASSY DREAM OF BOUNDLESS WEALTH AND BOTH WILL GET MORE THAN THEY COULD FOR ABOARD THE **GOOD SHIP...**

## BLOODY MARY

HARVEY!  
LOOK! A  
SHIP!!

HA-HA! A SHIP OF THE  
DESERT? YOU'RE OUT OF  
YOUR MIND, FOP!



THE SHIP WAS VILES  
DISTANT, LIKE A SHIMMER-  
ING GEMER NEEDLE  
LYING ON THE HORIZON!

BY HEAVEN, YOU'RE RIGHT!  
WE BOTH CAN'T BE SEEING  
THE SAME THING! BUT  
RIGHT IN THE NAME OF A  
HIRE TEND IS A SHIP  
DOING HERE.

THE TWO PROSPECTORS BEGAN THE  
LONG TRIP ACROSS THE SEA OF HOT  
JANUER SANDS TOWARD THE MIST-  
LOUD STAR SHIP!

EASY ON THE WATER, HARVEY! YOU'RE  
BESH DRINKING MORE THAN YOUR  
RATION!

RELAX, POPP! I'M  
A BIGGER MAN! I NEED  
MORE THAN YOU!

THIRTEEN TIME SPINGS LATER...

SHE'S NOT FAR  
NOW! JUST OVER  
THIS DUNE!

MORE SHE'S STILL  
GOT SOME WATER  
IN HER TANKS!  
WE'RE MIGHTY  
LOW!

THEY  
TOPPED  
THE DUNE  
DESCENDED ANOTHER  
CREEPING DUNE OF TORMENTOUS  
SAND, THEN STOOD BELOW THE SHIP,  
DWARFED BY ITS VAST SAND-FITTED  
SYMMETRY!

LORD SHE WAS BIG! THE  
MARY... ONE OF THE OLD STYLE  
LUXURY LINERS! THEY DON'T  
MAKE 'EM LIKE HER ANYMORE!

FORRY SHE SHOULD CRASH  
HERE! WE'RE TWO HUNDRED  
LIGHT YEARS OFF THE MAIN  
SPACE LANES!



THE SLEAZY BRIGGEE SAW'ED, BLEW FROM  
THE SHIP AND...

**LOUSY ANIMALS!**  
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO  
THESE STUPID  
BRIFFS AND!!

EASY-  
NOW,  
FELLAS!  
EASY!



ON THE  
FIRE? THREW, THREW  
SNAKE-LINE GRAPPLES, CAUGHT IN  
AN OPEN AIR LOCK...



THERE!  
NOW I'LL  
GRIMM UP,  
THEN PULL  
YOU UP!

I DON'T LIKE IT, HARKY!  
THOSE ANIMALS ARE SMART!  
THEY CAN SMELL DROPPLES!

**SAH!** THEY'RE JUST  
AS DUMB AS YOU ARE  
IF ANYONE SURVIVED  
THE CRASH, THEY DIED  
LONG AGO!



THE  
PROJECTORS  
SHINED THE LOCK, ANGLE  
DEEPER INTO THE SHIP!  
FULL RED ORANGE LIGHTS  
PROVIDED AN FIERCE  
ILLUMINATION AS THEY  
WENT FOR UNQUESTED  
YEARS!

IT'S LIKE  
A  
**TOMB**,  
HARKY!

**IT  
IS  
POSS!**



TUNE KNEEL  
OVER THE SKELETON,  
SEARCHED THE BATTLE  
POCKETS ...

**FIFTEEN SOLAR  
CREDITS!** IT'S IN OLD  
SCRIPT, BUT STILL  
NEGOTIABLE! GOOD  
AS GOLD!





THEY BEGAN TO LAUGH, ROARING LIKE A MAN DENYING DEATH.

YOU'RE **RICH! RICH AS CROESUS!**  
THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE DIED ON  
THIS SHIP, CHOKING IN THEIR OWN  
WEALTH! NOW IT'S ALL  
**OURS!**

HE CRAWLED WITH GRIED, THE TWO MEN FLUNG HIM  
DEEPER INTO THE **MARY!**

THE FIRST CLASS SECTION!  
WE'LL FIND CORPSES THERE  
WITH THOUSANDS OF NOTES  
TUCKED AWAY IN THEIR  
FOLDING KAGS!

OLD BEN'S  
STRUCK IT  
RICH AT LAST!



BUT  
IN THE  
FIRST FLUSH SCENE...

IN THE NAME  
OF GOD!!

**THEY'RE  
ALIVE!**

THE SHIP'S  
CURSED!  
I'M GETTING...

**NO!  
WAIT!**  
THEY'RE  
NOT  
MOVING!  
NOT EVEN  
BREATHING!

THEY'RE LIFELESS, BUT  
THERE'S NO SIGN OF  
DECAY! IT'S  
UNCANNY!

QUICKLY, THEY'RE  
**VAMPIRES!** GOD SAVE  
US, THEY'RE  
**VAMPIRES!**



**HA-HA!**  
YOU'RE  
SENILE!  
THERE'S  
NO...

**NO!!!**  
**LISTEN,**  
HARVEY! IT'S  
**TRUE!** THEY  
ARE **VAMPIRES!**  
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG  
TO REMEMBER THE  
PLAGUE AND SINCE  
THEN THE GOVERN-  
MENT HAS ALONGED  
THE WHOLE  
THING!



BUT THERE WAS A  
**PLAGUE!** MEN  
BECAME **VAMPIRES!**  
THOUSANDS DIED  
BEFORE THE LAST  
**BLOOD BEASTS**  
WERE  
**EXTERMINATED!**



**FINALLY, I'M** WAS  
CONVINCED, BUT...

A'RIGHT SO THEY'RE  
**VAMPIRES!** THEY'RE  
**HELPLESS** SO LONG  
AS THE SUN SHINES!  
**RIGHT!**



Y-YES,  
IT'S TRUE!  
BUT...

DON'T BE A **FOOL,** OLD  
MAN! YOU'VE SPENT YEARS  
TRYING TO MAKE A STRIKE!  
WELL, HERE IT IS!



THE TWO MEN LOOTED ONE CHAMBER AFTER ANOTHER, FINDING VAMPIRES SLEEPING IN MOST!  
BUT IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH TREASURE, THE CREATURES BECAME NO MORE THAN HELPLESS  
OBJECTS OF AMUSEMENT...

EXCUSE ME, **SIR!**  
I'M AFRAID THIS  
**WALLET IS**  
**MINE!**



BEAUTIFUL! AN  
**ANTIQUE** ON  
TODAY'S MARKET!  
WORTH THREE  
HUNDRED  
CREDITS AT  
LEAST!



**COINS! RARE COINS!**  
A VAMPIRE THAT COLLECTED  
**COINS! HA-HA!**



THIS OLD BUZZARD  
WAS A JEWELER.  
HARVEY'S FEAST YOUR  
EYES ON THIS ROCK  
COLLECTION!





LATER, THE PROSPECTORS RETURNED TO THE ENTRY LOCK, STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A HUNDRED POUNDS.

HA! I THINK I'LL DIE OF THIRST BEFORE I GET A DRINK! AND ME A RICH MAN!

WATER? HA! I'LL FILL AN OCEAN BATH CHAMPAGNE!



THEN WONDER IF BE! **STUCK!** STUCK WITH A FEW LONELY BUBBLES WHEN I COULD'VE RETURNED FOR ENOUGH TO BUY MY OWN PLANET!



WAIT TILL I SEE THOSE CRE LOYARDS BACK IN DIM ZONE! SAID I WAS A FOOL, DID THEY?



WELL, IT WON'T HAPPEN!

READY TO GO OVER THE SIDE, BEN?

YEAR, BUT FIRST WE BETTER LOCATE THE SHIP'S WATER RESERVOIR! WE'RE RIGHTLY LOW ON WATER, AND....



WELL, WAIT 'TIL THEY SEE **THIS!**



YEAR! WAIT 'TIL THEY SEE! THEY'LL BE OUT HERE WITH AN SLEDGE! THEY'LL STEAL MY BEAUTIFUL SHIP!

THAT'S OKAY, BEN! THERE'S ENOUGH WATER ON THE BORROS FOR ONE MAN! ME!



HARVEY! WHAT ARE... **NOOOOOOO!**



DAVE'S HANDS SHOOK, THE OLD MAN WAS A  
BROKEN LUMP ON THE SAND! **DEAD!**

HE GAINED THE GROUND STUMBLING TOWARD THE BURNING,  
HE WAS COLD...BUT IN HIS SISTER'S FURNACE?

GOTTA GET OUT  
OF HERE!

BLASTED FLEA  
BAGS! WHAT'S  
SCARIN' 'EM?!

THE BIRDS BROKE  
FREE, PLUNGED AWAY ACROSS  
THE GREAT BLOPPING DUNE...

WORLD BEASTS THEY'RE  
SO SCARED THEY'LL  
OUT RUN THEIR OWN ...

...THEIR SHADOWS!  
IN GOD'S NAME!  
WHERE ARE THEIR  
SHADOWS!

THE  
LOOKED TO THE ZENITH,  
SOUGHT THE SUN HE HAD TRIED  
TO CURSE FROM THE SKY A  
MILLION TIMES!

THE SUN!  
WHERE'S  
THE SUN!?

A  
COLD CLAMOROUS  
WIND SHEPT FROM THE MARY.  
IN THE SKY PYROGELARE'S MOON WAS  
A BLACK DISC THAT BLOTTED THE SUN,  
PLONGING ETERNAL NOON INTO SUDDEN MID-  
NIGHT! FROM THE MARY'S OPEN LOCK, THERE  
CAME A WHISTLING FLUTTER OF WINGS, THEN A  
DESCENDING MASS OF BAT-LIKE SHAPES,  
CONDESCENDING INTO INFERIOR HUMANOID FORMS,  
EACH SEEKING BLOOD IN REVENGE!

TOO BAD OLD HARVEY'S  
PLANS HAD TO BE...  
ECLIPSED, BUT THEN  
NO ONE CAN BAT A  
THOUSAND! AWWW? ON  
SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE  
HARVEY DID! LET'S SEE  
... ONE, TWO,  
THREE,  
FOUR...

EEEEEE





Grievings, fans of the grave outdoors! And turn on to the happening footbeats thundering through the love lair of.....

# THE DEVIL OF THE MARSH

COME ON!  
I'VE TO BE  
ON TIME...TO  
MEET HER!

IT WAS HIGH UPON DUSK WHEN I DREW  
CLOSE TO THE GREAT MARSH, AND ALREADY  
THE WHITE WAVES WERE ABOUT, RIDING  
ACROSS THE SUNKEN LEVELS LIKE SHOTS  
IN A CHURCHYARD...

THE APPEARANCE OF THE MARSH AT THIS DESOLATE  
HOUR, SO REMOTE, SO DARKLY SIGNIFICANT OF EVIL  
PRESENCES, STRUCK ME WITH A CERTAIN WONDER...

WHY ON EARTH  
WOULD SHE  
CHOOSE THIS  
PLACE FOR OUR  
MEETING?

SHE WAS FAMILIAR TO THE WOODS, WHERE I HAD FIRST  
ENCOUNTERED HER, BUT...

SUCH A  
WAY TO  
TEST MY  
DEVOTION!

THE IDEA DEPRESSED ME... BUT THE THOUGHT OF HER,  
INTEREST IN ME URGED ME ONWARD!



I WAS ALONE A FULL  
HALF HOUR IN THAT  
WILDERNESS, WHEN  
I HEARD A SOUND  
OTHER THAN MY OWN...



W-WHAT'S  
THAT?

IT WAS A HOARSE CROAKING, WHICH BROKE  
OUT UPON MY LEFT, SOUNDING SOMEWHERE  
FROM...

FROM THE REEDS! IT'S  
COMING FROM THE REEDS IN THE BLACK  
POND!



I STOPPED AND LISTENED...BUT  
THE MARSH WAS AS A GRAVE!

ONLY THE SQUEAL OF  
A **FREEG!**



I COULD SEE NOTHING...BUT AT THE  
IMMEDIATE MOMENT OF MY PAUSE, I  
THOUGHT I DETECTED THE SOUND OF  
**SOMEbody...** TRAILING THROUGH  
THE REEDS!



IF NOT FOR MY IMMELIATION, I SURELY WOULD HAVE MOUNTED  
MY HORSE AND HURRIED HOME! IMBATED BEYOND  
EVIDENCE BY MY INVISIBLE COMRADE, I RAN...

THE SOUND...IT'S  
STOPPED!



IT SEEMED THE  
CREATURE, WHATEVER IT WAS,  
COULD NOT  
MAINTAIN MY  
SPEED...



NOW I MAY  
CONTINUE...  
IN PEACE!

THE FLAT  
LAY IN THE  
VERY CENTER  
OF THE MARSH...  
THE PLACE OF  
OUR MEETINGS...

COMPOUND THIS FOE!  
IF IT WOULD ONLY CLEAR!





AS I STOOD WAITING  
FOR THE CLOUDS TO  
PASS, A VOICE  
CRIED TO ME... AND,  
WITH SANDS OF TIME  
SWIRLING ABOUT HER  
BODY, RUSHING FROM  
THE DARKNESS, I  
SAW....

IT'S HER!  
SHE'S  
COME!

I DROD HER TOWARD ME, LOOKED INTO HER DEEP EYES... AND,  
DOWN IN THEM, I COULD DISCERN A MYSTIC LAUGHTER...

AT LAST!  
AT LAST, MY  
BELOVED!

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE  
THIS... THIS PLACE FOR  
US TO MEET?

MY NERVES TWILED... AND SHE LAUGHED...

I AM A  
CREATURE OF THIS  
PLACE...  
MY HOME!

AND I HAVE  
SWORN YOU'D  
SEE ME HERE  
BEFORE...  
BEFORE...

WELL, I HAVE BEEN SO  
LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE! GOD  
FORBID! YOU SHOULD SPEND  
ANOTHER MOMENT HERE!  
COME!

YOU ARE TOO  
HASTY! YOU  
HAVE MUCH TO  
LEARN YET!

LOOK... THIS IS MY PRISON! AND I HAVE  
INHERITED ITS PROPERTIES!  
ARE YOU AFRAID?

FOR AN ANSWER, I PULLED  
HER TO ME... AND HER  
WARM Lips DROVE OUT  
THE HORRID HUMOURS  
OF THE NIGHT...

BUT THE SWIFT  
PASSAGE OF A  
FLICKERING MOONBEAM  
OVER HER EYES  
STRUCK ME AS A FLASH  
OF LIGHTNING... AND I  
DROD CHILL AGAIN...





I HAVE THE WARDEN IN MY BLOOD!  
AND THE FOG! THINK... BEFORE  
YOU ASK TO MARRY ME... FOR I  
AM THE CLOUD IN A DARKY  
SKY!



ALL RIGHT, WITCH OR DEVIL OF THE MARCH!  
I HAVE KNOWN YOU FROM HERE! YOU ARE  
MYSTERIOUS AND MAY HAVE STRANGE  
POWERS! BUT I MUST HAVE YOU... AND  
GIVE YOU MY WORLD!

SHE  
MOVED HER  
HEAD AND HER  
GLEAMING  
EYES  
GLANCED UP  
AT ME WITH  
A SUDDEN  
FLASH THAT  
REMINDED  
ME OF...



GREAT HEAVENS!  
SHE'S LIKE A...  
...A HOODED  
SNAKE!



STARTLED, I FELL AWAY, BUT AT THAT  
MOMENT SHE TURNED TO WATCH THE FOG  
THAT CAME ROLLING IN THICK VOLUMES  
OVER THE CLEARING...

VOICE-  
LESSLY, THE  
DREAD  
CLOUD  
CREPT  
UPON US...  
IT WAS  
AS IF SHE  
AWAITED  
SOME  
ONE.  
AND I TOO  
TROUBLED  
IN THE  
FEAR  
OF ITS  
COMING...



THEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT, ISSUED...

THE SAME  
HOODED  
SOUND AS  
BEFORE.



CROAK-CROAK-CROAK-GAG

I REACHED OUT TO TAKE HER HAND, BUT IN AN INSTANT THE  
MIST BROKE OVER US... AND I WAS GROPING IN THE VAGANCY...



CROAK



I CALLED HER... AS SHE STOOD AT THE MARGIN OF THE SWAMP... BUT THEN...



I WAS AMAZED, TERRIFIED BY A FEARFUL SIGHT!

GODS GODS!  
WHAT IS...?



AS I STARED, THE CREATURE, LIKE A MONSTROUS FROG, DOUGHING AND CHOKING, ROSE UPON ITS LEGS, DISCLOSED A HUMAN RESEMBLANCE.



THEN SHAKING, THE FORTY-TWOYD YARNED IN AN ANCIENT, BREATHLESS VOICE:

THE MORTAL'S EYES WERE MY GUIDE!  
YOU'LL BLAME ME THUS! NO DARE IS THE HELL, YOU DECIDED FOR ME!



THE WRETCH WENT ON, AFTER SHE MOCKED HIM WITH HER EYES, AND SOOTHED MY TERROR WITH HER SOFT TOUCH...

BEAR ME, MORTAL! AND KNOW THAT SHE IS THE PRESENCE OF THE MARSHES! ITS EVIL SPIRIT! SHE LIVES AND GROWS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL BY IT...



...AND HAS THE POWER TO CHILL AND SLAY! I, WHO HAS ONCE LIKE YOU, KNOWN THIS! SHE HAS MADE ME A DEVIL IN HER HELL! AND NOW SHE WOULD LEAVE ME ALONE!...  
...AND SEARCH FOR ANOTHER VICTIM! BUT SHE SHALL NOT! MY HELL IS ALSO HER! SHE SHALL NOT!

SHE SHALL NOT!  
SHE SHALL NOT!





HER SMILING, UNTRUBLED FACE TURNED TO ME... I EMBRACED HER! THEN THE MADNESS SEIZED ME!

WOMAN OR DEVIL?  
I LOVE YOU! AND  
I WILL GO  
WITH YOU!



THEN THE STILL MUST RETURNED AND... AN JOY SKINER  
RAN THROUGH ME!



IT MUST BE IN  
TERRIBLE PAIN!

SHE LAUGHED, AND LED ME TO THE GREAT LIFE. WHEN... SDOOPING, I  
LUNGED UP AND... AS HER FACE PASSED MINE, HER EYES WERE  
WIDE AND SAYING...

SHE SMEL NO OISH-H

THERE!

WAK!



I TURNED AND FLED, BUT THE THICKING FOG CLOSED ROUND  
ME... AND I HEARD FAR OFF AND LESSERINGS STILL THE SILVER  
SOUND OF HER WICKING LAUGHTER...



NO, SHE  
SHALL NOT LEAVE  
ME ALONE!



YOU WILL NO LONGER BE ALONE, MY LOVE!  
AND SOON... VERY SOON... WE SHALL HAVE  
MORE GUESTS!

WAS A FAR-OUT WAY TO CROAK, SH? DIDNT EVEN LEAVE ANY OF HIS  
ENCHANTED PRINTS AROUND FOR EVIDENCE! ANYHOOD...THERE'S MARSH  
MORE TALES TO POLLUTE YOUR BRAIN IN THIS SH! DONT GO'WAY!





# THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Pop into the shop for a terror, tune-up...**GROWL PAUSE** We'll check out your electrodes and make sure your cathodes are cracking. **C. A. HOWARD** from Richmond, Va. and. And he's no coward that **HOWARD** join the fan while he relates his handling, freak-out which is bound to astound you, or ...

## "DO SPEAKS THE DOOR"

I paused before the door, staring at the plaque that proclaimed this to be the ofice of Robert J. Ringman, Psychiatrist. I turned the glass knob, the door swung silently inward. The reception hall was empty. The light coming through the glass, glass door leading to Doctor Ringman's office illuminated the outer office clearly. I called to Doctor Ringman to dim the lights, after a moment he complied. On weary legs I crossed the office and entered into a smaller more comfortable chamber. "Come in," whispered the slight, skindrawn man, "please take the yellow chair, it is the most comfortable." If he was surprised at my not discarding the wet overcoat, the collar of which was turned up, or the wide brim, floppy hat which was pulled across my face to conceal it, he did not show it. "I must admit that you have aroused my curiosity," Mr. Ellsworth, Ringman murmured in a soft, mellow voice. "At that time and at this hour of the night, it is obvious that you are hiding from something, or someone. May I ask you from whom?"

"It started about a year ago," I began. "I had fallen asleep on the couch while reading; when I awoke I saw words imprinted upon the palms of my hands. At first I thought some ink from a cheaply printed book had rubbed off on them, I paid no attention to them when they finally faded." "To my amazement, and later to my horror, the words appeared more frequently and stayed longer. I burned every book in the house and would go nowhere near any others.



Try and tell me these glass, doors won't get some **JEEPERS** ... into your papers! **CREEPY CLOSER**, **ANTHONY ROSSALIN**, 8-6075, from Harpers, Ill., warns us that our buddy with the jelqing, eyeball has a very, suspicious outlook. He thinks he'd better keep his **EYE** on a guy who says he wants to **WATCH** things up!

Gradually the words formed a pattern which fell into story. Many hours I spent reading the drama unfolding itself on my body.

"Mr. Ellsworth, control yourself . . . becoming hysterical will not solve the problem!" Dr. Ringman looked toward the sobbing patient. "Has anyone seen you in this condition," he asked?

"**NO ONE**" came the reply. "If these words are not fragments of your imagination, and this so called story is real, what happens when the whole thing ends? Do you vanish in a puff of smoke?" the doctor laughed. "No," replied Ellsworth sadly. "Like a book I am read, I do exist. It is you and the others like you who cease to exist. You

cannot know how lonely loneliness is, until you discover that you are the only real object in your universe."

Dr. Ringman's amusement changed to a gasp of horror as a flash of lightning lit the room, revealing the book, black letters across Ellsworth's face.





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LET'S GO NOW TO LONDON'S LURKING SHADOWS IN THE YEAR 1888 WHERE YOU WRITHING READERS WILL MEET TWO MACABRE MEMBERS OF MEDICAL PROFESSION AND LEARN THE FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR DEMONICAL DABBING AT A PROJECT IN...

# THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION!

GREAT WAVES OF POG-ROLL AND GRIET OVER WHITECHAPEL, DRINK AND UNPLEASANT, BUT PROVIDING THE PROTECTION I NEED. SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE I CAN FAINTLY HEAR MUSIC AND LAUGHTER FROM A PUB. BEYOND THAT, SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE THAMES, SHRILL WHISTLES OF BOATS. THEN I HEAR THE SOUND I'M WAITING FOR, THE CLICK OF LADIES' HEELS ON COBBLESTONE...

THE NIGHT IS CHILL, BUT I PERSPIRE HEAVILY. MY FINGERS SLIP AND TREMBLE, FUMBLING WITH THE CLASP ON THE MEDICAL BAG. AND I AM SICK WITH FEAR AND LONGING. THE FOOTSTEPS CREAK NEARER AND I CAN HEAR HER SINGING. THE SONG IS QUITE POPULAR IN THE MUSIC HALLS THOUGH PERHAPS A TRIFLE RISQUE, THE WORDS BLURRED FROM A LONG EVENING'S DRINKING...

NOW I HEAR ANOTHER SOUND, THE SOUND OF MY HEART, LOUDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE, SO LOUD I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT SHE CAN HEAR IT. BUT IF SHE COULD, THE FOOTSTEPS WOULD STOP, HESITATE... SHE'D CALL, OR SCREAM, OR TURN AND RUN THE OTHER WAY AND WE'D BOTH BE SAVED. INSTEAD, SHE RAGES IN FRONT OF ME, AND I HAVE TO DO IT!



QUICKLY AND MERCIFULLY AS POSSIBLE! I BRING THE BLEEDING STEEL AGAINST HER THROAT IN A MOVEMENT RAPID AND PRECISE ... JUST AS WITH THE FIVE OTHERS BEFORE HER...

I LOWER HER LIMP FORM TO THE COBBLESTONES AND FIGHT BACK A WAVE OF NAUSEA. NOW THE BUTCHERY MUST BEGIN. THERE IS NO TIME FOR DELICATE INCISIONS, IMPRESSIVE SURGERY... WE MUST SETTLE FOR SPEED AND REASONABLE ACCURACY!

DAMN YOU, DR. RICE! DAMN YOU FOR DROWNING ME TO THIS!

ANTHONY RICE WAS DIRECTOR OF THE SURGICAL SCHOOL AT WHITECHAPEL HOSPITAL. HE WAS BRILLIANT, BUT CRUEL AND EXACTING. I STOOD IN AS MUCH TERROR OF HIM AS ANY OF MY FELLOW STUDENTS. PERHAPS MORE, ESPECIALLY ON THAT DAY HE SUMMONED ME TO HIS OFFICE.

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU FOR SOME TIME, MR. TODD. MOST IMPRESSIVE IN THE LAB. YOU HAVE A GENUINE FLARE FOR SURGERY...

WHY... WHY THANK YOU, SIR? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME, YOU SEE I ...

I'M SURE IT IS, MR. TODD! SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU CHEATED ON THE LAST WRITTEN EXAM! YOU REALIZE IT'S MY DUTY TO EXPEL YOU?

A-PLEASE ... I CAN EXPLAIN! THERE JUST WASN'T TIME TO PREPARE ... I WORK NIGHTS, ALL NIGHT... I MUST, TO MEET THE TUITIONS... I DIDN'T WANT TO CHEAT, BUT I COULDN'T RISK FAILING...

MY PARENTS, KILLED THEMSELVES SCRAPING TOGETHER MONEY ENOUGH TO START ME HERE... BEING A DOCTOR MEANS EVERYTHING! DON'T DO IT, SIR! I-I'LL DO ANYTHING, BUT...

CHEATING IS CHEATING, TODD. NO MATTER WHAT THE MOTIVE, BUT PERHAPS THERE'S AN ANSWER THAT'LL PLEASE BOTH OF US...



THERE ARE TALES OF MEN WHO SELL THEIR SOULS FOR THE DEVIL'S FAVORS. HAD PIKE BEEN THE DEVIL OFFERING TO MAKE ME A DOCTOR, I'D HAVE SIGNED WITHOUT THINKING TWICE. IN THE END, IT WAS NOT SO MUCH DIFFERENT AT THAT...

THIS, MR. TODD... THIS IS THE ANSWER! ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH IT?



Y-YES, DOCTOR, BUT... I DON'T SEE WHAT IT HAS TO DO WITH US. I AM VERY IMAGINATIVE AND FANCIAL... BUT THE THINGS DESCRIBED ARE MEDICALLY IMPOSSIBLE...

IS IT, MR. TODD? IS IT, INDEED? A MAN SO SET ON BECOMING A BRILLIANT DOCTOR SHOULD KEEP A MORE OPEN MIND...



AS DIRECTOR, PIKE HAD BEEN GRANTED A PRIVATE LABORATORY, DEEP WITHIN THE LOWER CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL. HIS WORK WAS SECRET AND ABSORBED MOST OF HIS WAKING HOURS WHEN NOT IN CLASS. TO MY KNOWLEDGE, I WAS THE FIRST TO EVER BEHOLD THIS 'WORK'...

GOOD LORD! IT... IT'S A...

A WOMAN, MR. TODD? ASSEMBLED, WITHIN CERTAIN REALISTIC LIMITATIONS, MUCH AS MRS. SHELLEY'S LITERARY CREATION... ANY SURGEON, PERHAPS ANY SALLADAKER WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY, COULD DO SUCH ASSEMBLY? BUT COME CLOSER, LIFT THE WRIST...



T-THERE'S A PULSE! INCREDIBLY FAINT... BUT IT'S ALIVE!

A SMALL SPARK, A SPARK I'VE FANNED AND NURTURED FOR OVER A YEAR NOW, GRAFTING, TRANS-PLANTING, CREATING...



OVER A YEAR... THAT WASN'T IT A YEAR AGO THAT YOUR WIFE WAS...

A TRAIN ACCIDENT? THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... THIS IS THE FIRST STEP! WORKING ALONE IS TOO SLOW, TOO LIMITING... I NEED HELP, TODD, YOUR HELP!





SIR, I... I DON'T KNOW...  
WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS  
BIZARRE, BUT AT THE  
SAME TIME THERE'S  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT  
THAT'S... WELL, IT'S...

NATURALLY, AS  
DIRECTOR, I CAN  
ASSURE ANY  
ASSISTANT OF  
MINE A FULL  
SCHOLARSHIP...  
A MEDICAL EDUCATION  
GUARANTEED...



I CAN ALSO ASSURE  
IMMEDIATE EXPULSION IF  
YOU REFUSE, TODD! THIS CAN  
END OR BEGIN YOUR CAREER...  
THE ONLY REASON I MAKE  
YOU THE OFFER IS THAT I  
WAS CONVINCED YOU'RE  
NOT STUPID... ARE YOU  
STUPID, TODD?

NO... NO,  
DR. RKE...  
OF COURSE,  
I ACCEPT...  
WHEN  
DO I START?



BY DAYLIGHT, MY  
DUTIES WERE AS USUAL AS  
ANYONE MIGHT EXPECT,  
BUT MY NIGHTS WERE  
ANOTHER, OFTEN HORROR-  
FILLED, MATTER... THE  
DEMANDS OF DR. RKE'S  
SECRET PROJECT COULD  
NOT ALWAYS BE SATISFIED  
BY ORDINARY SUPPLY TO  
THE SURGICAL SCHOOL...  
MORE AND MORE OFTEN  
I WAS SENT FORTH, LIKE  
SOME HAUNTED NIGHT-  
MARE CREATURE, TO  
PREY ON FRESH GRAVES,  
SUITABLE SUBJECTS...



RETURNING FROM THESE SHOULISH SOJOURNS,  
TO RETIRE TO THE PRIVATE LABORATORY, AND  
SEEMINGLY CLOSED DOORS, ASSIST RKE IN HIS  
FEVERISH, FRANTIC OPERATIONS... WATCHING  
AS HIS OBSESSED FINGERS PERFORMED  
IMPOSSIBLE SURGERY...



FAILURE? ANOTHER FAILURE?  
WE'RE NOT MAKING ANY  
PROGRESS... BY THE TIME  
I MAKE THE TRANSFERALS,  
THE ISSUES ARE TOO FAR  
GONE TO Mend PROPERLY...  
WE NEED FRESHER  
SUBJECTS?

BUT... WHAT  
MORE CAN  
WE DO?





EVEN AS THE QUESTION SLIPPED FROM MY MOUTH, I KNEW THE ANSWER, AND KNEW PKE WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO SUGGEST IT...

WE MUST OPERATE IMMEDIATELY AFTER A SUBJECT DIES... AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE CERTAIN OF THAT...

N-NO? THAT'S MURDER... THAT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK, DOCTOR. I WON'T, I CAN'T... HOW COULD I...

YOU'RE IN IT TOO FAR TO STOP NOW, TODAY WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING IS ALREADY OUTSIDE THE LAW... IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND? STOP NOW AND YOU LOSE EVERYTHING! LOOK OUT THERE... WHY? BECAUSE I'VE ONE OF THE SEAMIEST DISTRICTS IN LONDON, HOME FOR THE DREGS OF HUMANITY... MEN AND WOMEN...

WHAT ARE THEY COMPARED TO THE PROJECT? BARMAIDS, STREET-WALKERS... WASTED LIVES? KILLING THEMSELVES ON ALCOHOL AND DEBAUCHERY... IS ONE OF THEM MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR CAREER, YOUR LIFE?

I DON'T KNOW... I... I... SUPPOSE NOT...

IT SEEMED LIKE A DREAM, OR PERHAPS A NIGHTMARE. I WAS STEPPING OUT INTO THE ROOF-DRENCHED NIGHT, THE THICK MISTS ENVELOPING ME, SEEMINGLY DRAWING ME FORWARD... THE MEDICAL BAG IN MY HAND WITH ITS GLEAMING KNIVES AND SCALPES, DRAGGED AND STRAINED LIKE SOME TREMENDOUS WEIGHT...

I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO... I WON'T BE ABLE...

SUCH WERE MY THOUGHTS, RIGHT UP TO THE MOMENT I KILLED HER...



I WAS SICK,  
VOLUNTILY  
SICK WHEN  
I RETURNED  
TO P.K.S.,  
BUT I HAD  
DONE MY  
WORK WELL...

IT'S WORKING, TODDY!  
AS I KNEW! IT WOULD!  
A FEW MORE OPERATIONS  
LIKE THIS AND...

MORE? MY BODY  
DOCTOR... YOU  
CAN'T EXPECT...

ONCE TRAPPED IN THE TOWN OF A MAEL-  
STROM, THERE IS NO OTHER DIRECTION BUT  
DOWN. AGAIN AND AGAIN, I STARED THE  
DARK COBBLESTONE STREETS, SLIDING  
THROUGH THE FOG LIKE SOME MALIGNANT  
SPECTER...

THIS CAN'T GO ON, DR.  
P.K.S.! THEY THINK IT'S  
THE WORK OF SOME  
MANIAC! POLICE  
PATROLS IN THE AREA  
ARE BEING  
DOUBLED...

MANIAC? IF THOSE FOOLS  
HAD ANY CONCEPT OF  
WHAT WE WERE DOING...  
WE CAN'T STOP NOW!  
WE'RE TOO NEAR  
SUCCESS!

SO, IT CONTINUED. THE POLICE WERE ALERT;  
THEY CAME CLOSE, BUT FOG-BOUND WHITE-  
CHAPEL WAS TOO COMPLEX. MY HOSPITAL  
SANCTUARY TOO NEAR... THEIR EFFORTS  
PROVED FUTILE...

...EVEN AS THEY HAVE TONIGHT!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, TODDY!  
GET IN... EVERYTHING'S WAITING!  
YOU KNOW WHAT A DELAY  
CAN DO TO US NOW!

NO MORE,  
DOCTOR... I  
CAN'T STAND  
IT ANYMORE...



WHAT I SAY DOES NOT REGISTER WITH DR. PIKE. HIS ONLY THOUGHTS ARE OF THE OPERATION. HIS DIRTED HANDS BECOME PRECISION MACHINES WELDING THE UNHOLY MATERIALS I HAVE BROUGHT AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH I HATE MYSELF FOR WHAT WE ARE DOING, I CANNOT ESCAPE THE FASCINATION AND INTEREST THIS HOLDS...

TOOD! LOOK AT THE INSTRUMENTS, THE HEARTBEAT, THE NERVE REACTIONS... SHE'S MOVING! WE'VE SUCCEEDED!



THE MUMMYLIKE THING ON THE OPERATING TABLE TREMBLES. SLOWLY, STIFFLY IT BEGINS TO RISE...

COME ON, HELP ME REMOVE THE BANDAGES... NOW YOU'LL SEE IT, TOOD... WHAT IT'S ALL BEEN FOR... THE LIFE WE'VE CREATED...



WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, PIKE PULLS FREE THE LAST OF THE TAPE. NOW I FEEL A CLUTCHING EMPATHESIS RISE FROM THE PIT OF MY STOMACH AS I STARE INTO THE FACE OF THE THING THAT LURCHES FROM THE TABLE TOP. A HOARSE, RAARPING, UNINTELLIGIBLE DRY ISSUES FORTH, WATCHING IN GUTTERWELMING HORROR THE GLAZED, WATERY EYES THAT HINT OF NO LIFE BEYOND ANIMAL FUNCTION...

OH, GOD... OH, MY GOD...



THIS IS YOUR CREATION? THIS IS WHAT I WAS DRIVEN TO KILL FOR? ANY OF THOSE POOR GIRLS. NO MATTER HOW WATCHED THEIR EXISTENCE, WERE MORE ALIVE, MORE DESERVING THAN THIS... THIS DISGUST? AND WE'RE WORSE MONSTERS THAN IT?

OF COURSE SHE'S NOT PERFECT? I'LL TAKE TIME, TOOD... MORE OPERATIONS...



NO MORE? THIS IS THE END OF IT? NO MORE?

NO, YOU FOOL, STOP? SHE CAN'T SURVIVE ON HER OWN YET... YOU'LL DESTROY EVERYTHING... STOP? DON'T?





ALL CONNECTIONS SEVERED WITH ITS ARTIFICIAL AIDS TO LIFE, THE THING STUMBLES AND PLUNGES FORWARD, ITS FLAILING LIMBS SCOPING AND GRASPING AT ITS CREATOR, SEEKING ONE LAST SUPPORT, ONLY TO BINGE HIM DOWN ALSO...



AT FIRST THERE IS A TERRIBLE RASPING SIGH AS WHAT SMALL SPARK OF LIFE EXISTED IN THE CAUTEROUS BEING FADDES. THEN THE ROOM IS QUIET. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, MY MIND SEEMS CLEAR. MY THOUGHTS ENTIRELY MY OWN. I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO...

PLENTY OF ALCOHOL. OTHER INFLAMMABLES...



DR. PIKE'S CHEMICAL STORES ARE QUITE COMPLETE... I HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...

IF ONLY I HAD THE COURAGE TO DO THIS EARLIER! IT SHOULD GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO FINISH WHAT I HAVE TO DO...



EVEN AS I START THE FIRE, I CAN FEEL THE POISON IN MY SYSTEM, DESPITE THE INCREASING RAIN. I DRAG ALL THE PIPERS IN THE ROOM NEAR, USING THEM TO FEED THE FLAMES, LEAVING NO CHANCE THAT ANY OF THIS HORROR MIGHT BE UNBEARABLE AND TRIED AGAIN...

ROOM'S DONE... FIRE'LL BE DISCOVERED BEFORE IT CAN SPREAD... AND... AND...



THE ROOM BEGINS TO BLUR, GROW DARK. SOUNDS FADE. EVEN THE CRACKLE OF THE FLAMES. MY EYES FOCUS FOR THE LAST TIME ON A SHOLLERING REMINDER THAT IN OUR BLUNDERING ATTEMPT TO CREATE LIFE, PIKE AND I SUCCEEDED ONLY IN CREATING A LEGACY OF TERROR, OUTSTRIPPING EVEN THAT CREATURE CONSIDERED TO THE WIRE WITH US.

**JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN!**



NOW THAT WE'VE COMPLETED THIS LITTLE OPERATION, KIDDIES, LET'S WIP RIGHT ON INTO MY NEXT YELL YARN!





THERE WAS ONCE A COURT JESTER WHOSE WIT AND ARTS WERE A DELIGHT FOR ALL... ALL BUT ONE!



I HATE THE DWARF! HIS  
CONSTANT PROLIC... HIS  
CACKLING LAUGHTER... THE  
MONOTONOUS JINGLE OF  
HIS COSTUME'S BELLS...



I HATE HIS STUNTED  
BODY... HIS NEVER ENDING  
JOKES... HIS WAGGING  
TONGUE... YES! MOST OF  
ALL, HIS WAGGING TONGUE!



TITTERING AND POKING  
- RUN BEHIND ME... ME, HIS  
LORD AND MASTER...  
RULER OF THE LAND! THE  
I HAD DONE WITH THIS FOOL.



HEH, HEH... THAT'S SHOW BIZ IN THE DARK AGES, FENDISH FABLES  
BUT STICK AROUND FOR THE REST OF THIS FEARFUL FABLE AND  
FIND OUT WHO HAS...

# THE LAST LAUGH!



BLOODY! ENOUGH OF YOUR  
PRANCING AND PRATTLE... ENOUGH  
OF YOUR IDIOT GRINNING...  
BEHIND MY BACK YOU MOCK  
ME! ENOUGH!

B-BUT, DUKE MORDO...  
I JUST BUT TO SURVIVE  
YOU...





AFTER A FEW WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS, GLOCKEN WAS LED AWAY...DOWN DEEP...DEEP INTO THE BOWLS OF THE CASTLE...

YET NOT DEEP ENOUGH TO MUFFLE THE HIDEOUS SCREAM!



IT WAS THE LAST LAUGHTER TO BE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME...



...FOR EVEN AS THE DWARF'S BODY WAS CARRIED FROM THE DUNGEON AND HURLED OVER THE RAMPARTS INTO THE WATER BELOW, A DEEP MELANCHOLY SEEMED TO SETTLE OVER THE CASTLE...

AND WHEN LAUGHTER DID COME, IT SERVED TO PRICK AND NAG AT THE DUKE'S CONSCIENCE...



WITH EACH SUCCEEDING MONTH THE FEAR OF GNETY BORE HEAVEN, AND HEAVEN ON MORDO...



UNTIL ULTIMATELY, IT WAS ENTIRELY FORBIDDEN...



THE CASTLE BECAME A PLACE OF FEARFUL QUIET... FEW SPOKE ABOVE A WHISPER... FEWER STILL COULD FACE THE DUKE...





НАНАНАНАНАНАНАНАНАНАНАНА  
НЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕЕНЕ  
НОНОНОНОНОНОНОНОНОНОНОНО



A caricature of a man with a large nose and a speech bubble, signed 'END'. The man has a large, prominent nose and is wearing a suit. A speech bubble is coming from his mouth, containing the text 'THE END'. The signature 'END' is at the bottom right of the drawing.









1963 YEARBOOK



1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK



1966 YEARBOOK



1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK



1969 YEARBOOK



1970 YEARBOOK



1971 YEARBOOK



1972 YEARBOOK



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1985 YEARBOOK



1986 YEARBOOK



1987 YEARBOOK

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1988 YEARBOOK



1989 YEARBOOK

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Kong for the KING KONG issue.

Business knows how the value of the MUMMY issue has plummeted  
in Egypt.

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1990 YEARBOOK



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